

AIRS FOR MUSIC

SAY truant heart ah why return?
Again to claim thy native breast,
There, an unwonted task to learn,
To fly from Love, and be at rest!

There, must thou bid those joys farewell
Those sayry visions which deceive,
No more, with pleasing pain must swell,
Nor dare distrust - nor dare believe!

So doth some lonely shepherd stray,
Where tracks beguile his wan'dring feet;
Yet, when regain'd the safer way,
He sighs, those errors to repeat.

(† AIR SECOND †)

FAR distant lo! my LOVER sleeps,
All on his earthy bed;
With ruddy drops my bosom weeps,
And mourns *ALPHONSO* dead!

Yet think my heart! the golden Sun
On his blest grave shall shine,
And, e'er his annual course be run,
Shall glance that ray on mine.

J D.

EXCUSEBAT